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Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



1 HIS DA

CHAPTER XX.

AT LOVE'S GATE.

ing the departure from the "pocket,

mistral and the troubadour?

haze of her sorrow.

awful passion.

her of those crumbling walls, those fer-

vid skies and those orchard crowned.

breezy hills! Her visions were none the

She did not go to the spring any more,

the spot where she had witnessed his

back to Savannah, it was not with any

well defined regret that she bade fare

and quietly wept all the way over the

even calmly talking with Aunt Mar-

taken unawares by Mr. Roosevelt's cor-

urally a companionable man, generous and courteous, and it required very little

to draw out all his latent good qualities.

He and Mr. Roosevelt met as though

One thing curiously affected Rosalie,

had expected to find him at Roosevelt

"He would not stay any longer," said

Mr. Roosevelt as they all sat at dinner;

'I tried to prevail on him to make his

home in Savannah, offered him a big

salary, with leave to do general practice

into a difficulty with young Ellis, too.

Rosalie asked no questions—she did

not care to hear further, but Mildred

Fain told her all the particulars when

they met. Poor Mildred! she looked

like a shadow. The physicians were

still hanging over Colonel Talbot, and

still declaring his recovery quite possi-ble, though as yet he had not regained

consciousness. Rosalie felt herself in some sort to blame for all the suffering

of Colonel Talbot and Miss Fain, and

keeping the secret of that moonlight

walk inclosed in her breast had generated a sense of guilt which gnawed at

"If Colonel Talbot dies," she some

It rendered her extremely wretched to

rarely mentioned her lover directly, all

times thought, "I shall be accessory to his murder-if not in purpose, still in

and that made him miserable."

nored that unfortunate quarrel

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One day, about a week after her re-turn to Roosevelt Place, Rosalie was sit-ting at her window reading in one of her father's favorite romances, or rather she had been reading and was now idly gazing into the street below, when a carriage rolled slowly by A servant in livery was driving. Inside were a noble looking middle aged man, a fair, plump, lovely girl, and Frank Ellis. She had seen this man once before, and knew he was Sir Edmond Kane, the young lady, as she rightly supposed, was Miss Ellen, Sir Edmond's daughter. Ellis seemed quite happy, as did also the others, their faces smiling, their conversation apparently animated and free. The English girl was charmingly dressed, and her face, though not beautiful, was high bred and fascinating, and her form was

A strange feeling crept over Rosalie as she looked down upon this passing It was like a breath of exquisite sorrow or regret; her heart seemed to fall low in her breast and flutter painfully. Some sweet thing her fancy had been nursing slipped away from her. Ellis turned his eyes toward She retreated from the window for fear he might see her: then she sank into a chair and cried, she knew not why. Life seemed to her to be growing hollow and meaningless; its zest had slipped away, like a perfume from a withering flower. She began to be restless and impatient for the time to come round when she and her father, with Aunt Marguerite and Adelaide would go across the sea, but the thought of the journey pleased her more on ac-count of the distance it would give than for any joy which it promised at its end. So the days slipped past, until at last a letter came to her from Edgar Julian.

"I did not get to say goodby to you, he wrote, "therefore I take the liberty to write this instead. I lingered along the road homeward among the battle-Mrs. Roosevelt felt the need of hasten fields of Georgia and Tennessee, but I found no pleasure in what I saw. I seemed to miss something which would but notwithstanding her efforts it was toward the middle of February when have made even the brown hills charmeverything was ready. There had been ing. When I crossed the Ohio river I many things to do Colonel Chenier's met a great snowstorm, sent down from library, so rich in mediaval poetry and Chicago to welcome me, and quite soon romance, was sent away in large boxes the ground was covered a foot deep with the white fleece of winter. Here the to Savannah. Rosalie assisted in the packing and peeped into the old French tomes and manuscript rolls with somestreets are all ice and snowbanks, and as thing like her former relish. It seemed to her that every one of these contained some half suppressed allusion to the land I am dissatisfied and wish I were back in Savannah, on your uncle's wide veof her dreams. No doubt it was quite in Savannah, on your uncle's wide venatural for her thus to cheat herself, for randa, with the sait air blowing over me all the old romances were full of cha- and the pain trees rustling their spreading fans hard by. I don't believe I am a teanx and olive groves and vineyards. northern man any longer; the worry and hurry of Chicago does not satisfy my where knights rode in pleasant lanes be-side their lady loves, or played the lute especial hunger. May I come back? I under the walls by moonlight, or galthink I could be less trouble to all you loped away to the wars with a warm think I could be less trouble to all you she felt generously anxious not to wound kiss tingling on their hearded lips. And hospitable and patient southerners now; she felt generously anxious not to wound him. But she really longed to see him. loped away to the wars with a warm Will Place of the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office in Head in building.

Will Place of the courts of Ohio had not her father been reading these to had not her father been reading these to her from her childhood, and telling her about Chateau Chenier and her knightly about Chateau Chenier and her knightly comforting, how perfumed and luxuriant, comforting, how perfumed and luxuriant, ancestors who dwelt in the land of the What vivid pictures, too, the strong de-

the whole south, now that I have left it! "I have the hot air register wide open scriptive talks of Edgar Julian had given in my room and a big coal fire on the hearth, and yet I am freezing! Won't you and Mrs. Roosevelt please invite me to come back? I could run on errands less fair and enticing seen through the for you, and make myself reasonably useful, and I would try and not be much in the way.

for though the felt sure that Ellis had "I heard Gerster sing last night, and gone away, she shrank from seeing even Litta the night before, but I would rather be in that dim old parlor in When the time at last came for going Roosevelt Place and hear 'La Mandore; my spirit is there now-do you not often hear it rustling around in its favorite places? I stopped at Calhoun and Resaca well to the mill and the little crisp valas I came home, and while there I inquired for the Chenier mill, and found it Adelaide seemed much affected, was only thirty miles distant. The tempmountain. Colonel Chenier suffered too, but he sternly controlled himself, tation to visit it was very great, but resisted. I always do resist at the wrong

guerite as the carriage bore them through the devious way among the hills and gray-green groves of oaks and pines. "Frankly, I want to say that I am ungreen groves of oaks and pines.

Roosevelt mansion had grown to think of nothing but how I shall get be Rosalie's home, and she was like a back to Savannah without offending my own sense of the fitness of things. child just returned from a long journey when she again found herself in her stately and spacious room. Adelaide was quiet and sad, but Colonel Chenier, sonal column of your return to Roosevelt Place. True, the paper was two dial friendliness and hospitality, was tempted out of his gloom. He was natweeks old when I got it, but it had its effect all the same.

"You will not be offended if I say that I find life a burden where you are not to be seen and heard. I want to talk with you and hear you sing. Lhave thought, since I came here, of a hundred things I forgot to tell you about Provence and Chateau Chenier, and I have wondered between them; they talked over all their past lives, saving that they quietly ighow I passed so much time with you and It was the absence of Edgar Julian. She about? I remember nothing, save our last conversation, and even that had no end—it was left in a mist. I told you I level you, but I did not and could not Place, and she had counted much on the pleasure his descriptions of Provence and Chateau Chenier would give her father. tell you how deep and strong that love was, how it had becores the very life of my life. My lips refused then, as my pen does now, to express bow dear you are to me. Forgive me if this letter seems foolish to you I cannot see my way to any better mode of action than this simple statement of the truth I besides, but he seemed to have grown homesick or tired of the south. He got trust you to respect my sincerity, even if you must cast aside my love as some-

thing not worth your keeping."
Rosalie read this in her own room. read it and reread it, with a quickened pulse and a sweet sense of its half hope ful, half despairing spirit. It brought Edgar Julian before her, just as she had truthful face full of passionate tenderness for her. She could not think clearly; her heart throbbed almost painfully Adelaide came in presently and Rosalie gave her the letter to read.

"Do you love him, Rosalie?" the sister asked after she had finished. "I-I-don't know," was the stammered reply.

Adelaide: "love is no light thing. Is he handsome?" "No, not very-not handsome as describe handsome men; but he is tall and strong and noble looking, and he is

noble, great hearted, true." "I believe you love him," said Adeher thoughts tended toward him, and laide, gazing searchingly into Rosalie's she evidently bore all his sufferings with eyes, "and I am sorry of it." The newspapers announced that Ellis and bright head drooped and her eyes full bright head drooped and her eyes filled with tears.

saw nothing of him. Sometimes she found berself wondering if it could be that he was innocent of the crime of Whenever I think of those ruffians who burned our home and reduced us to poverty, the gash in my arm seems to open afresh and I hate every soul in the north! Then poor papa with his wounds and his

"Oh," moaned Rosalie, "I know, I know! Oh, I wish I had never, never left the 'pocket,' Adelaide, I am so very. very wretched!" Adelaide took Rosalie's head between

her hands and drew it gently down upon her bosom. She knew what love was. A soldier's grave held one to whom her life had been pledged. "Don't cry," she gently said: "if you love him it's all right, dear. It was wrong for me to say these things. It's all right: you mustn't mind my ill na-tured words. You ought not to suffer on

my account. No doubt Mr. Julian is a good and true man." "Yes, he is," said Rosalie quickly, lifting her head and wiping away her tears: "he is just as honorable and good as he

Adelaide still kept her hands clasping Rosalie's face between them with a gentle, loving pressure. "But you do love him, sister?" she

murmured softly. Rosalie suddenly blushed. "I do not know if I love him," she naively said. "but I should dearly love to see him again. I—I think a great deal of him."

Adelaide felt the influence of her sister's freshness as she faltered trembling and bewildered in the midst of this great new experience.

CHAPTER XXL ADELAIDE RECOLLECTS.

Rosalie found it difficult to know

what she ought to write to Edgar Julian, if she ought to write at all. He had been so kind to her, and she respected his honorable frankness so much, that, even if she could not say she loved him, He had filled a large space in her life, and had revealed to her a most interest-ing contrast as his ultra northern traits of character struck sharply against southern obstacles; not that she had traced and defined this contrast or drawn any conclusion from it, but she had felt superior knowledge of affairs, his sturdy truthfulness, his faith in the future of America, his belief in the value and nobleness of labor, his genuine respect for the common people, and, on the other hand, his rich imagination and his tender eloquence. She could not realize the bitter memories nursed by her father and sister touching the dark struggle for the Lost Cause. She had no past to mourn over. The future and the present were hers. She naturally enough

had fallen in love with northern ways.

It seemed to her that the world was made for earnest, persistent people to take and enjoy; she believed in freedom as the war had fixed it-in free education, free thought, free men and women. She was not aware that Edgar Julian had influenced her to believe in these things; the doctrine seemed quite as much her own as the old Provencal of things lost-a reviver of things in abevance. Rosalie keenly realized what She puzzled her mind to discover some happy way out of the dilemma. She asked herself over and over again, "Do I love him?" and just as often she shrank away from the responsibility of saying yes or no. Her heart trembled, she hesitated, faltered, dreamed. So the days went by while Edgar Julian shivered through the Chicago snowstorms tling with a problem. He did not shrink from acknowledging his love—he gloried in it—but he did not feel safe in rushing back to Savannah, nor did he feel content to stay away. A man in love must be allowed some latitude of foolishness, and we ought to consider that each instance of love trouble has its sentimental peculiarities. Julian had uttered the simple truth when he wrote that he was "unfit for business since returning." No man could have been more preoccupied all the time, more restless, more inclined to wave affairs aside and to give him-

self over to his fancies.

The letter he was waiting for was a long while coming, and when it did come it only gave emphasis to his diffi-

"Your letter." Rosalie wrote, been here for a good while. You will forgive me for not answering it sooner when I say frankly to you that I have been dreadfully at a loss as to my duty in the matter. I very much desire to be kind and good to you, but my selfishness has interposed itself all the time. On one hand I must not, I cannot, tell you to come back; on the other hand I should be delighted to see you and talk with you. I did not know until I returned that you had gone away, and I missed you so much that I became restless. You had better not come back, I think, for it

would be unpleasant to you, unless you could repress and forget everything beyond our charming friendship. I prize you above all my friends, and frankly, I hardly know why, unless it is because you have humored my selfishness and fed my Provencal funcies as no one else save papa ever has. I shall be very un-happy if I lose you, and yet it would not be right for me to make you hope for

what might never come. "I respect you too sincerely not to be

"I do not see how you can love a vainly tried to make up some phrase or northerner." Adelaide continued: "es- other expressive of my feelings. The pecially one who was in Sherman's army. best I can do is to say that I hope you He Will Cast His Vote For will not come back till you have deter mined to be my good, strong, generous friend, and nothing beyond. I could not bear to have you come in any other way and yet I hope you will come. Our little

> very sweet with their perfumes. "Papa and my sister Adelaide are herwith us. We are going to Europe in July -to Provence, of course. Aunt Margue rite is going along as guardian and chape ron for Adelaide and me. Won't you write me and tell me those things about Chateau Chenier that you say you forgot to tell me while you were here? I am sorry to have to refuse you anything, but tury plant is in bloom. Give my love to Mrs. Largely Your friend,

"ROSALIE CHENIER." Julian read this letter with a queer mist in his eyes. He could not find much comfort in its half girlish, half stilted had a word changed for anything. He imagined he could trace Rosalie's innocent frankness and freshness between the lines. He sat and gazed into a big blazing fire for hours after he had learn ed the letter by heart. Her elastic, grace ful figure and warm bright face came up before him; he saw her gray brown eyes and straw gold hair; he heard her ow, sweet voice. Did she love him? He read the letter again, pulled his mus-tache, frowned, smiled, read again, gazed into the fire almost fiercely, looked at his watch, went and packed his trav eling bag and took the next train for the

When he got to Savannah he went to the Pulaski House. He did not care to rush in unaware upon the household at Roosevelt Place, especially since the Cheniers had come there. He sent his card to the house. An hour or two later Mrs. Roosevelt called for him in a carriage. She was glad to see him. Rosalie had gone to Jacksonville with Mr. Rooseveit, but would be back tomorrow. He was introduced to Colonel Chemier and Adelaide, and despite his predetermination to the contrary, was again installed as one of the household. You cannot live in a hotel in the south if your

southern friend has a house.

Colonel Chenier and Edgar Julian were on good terms at once. A mutual friendliness, a soldierly comradeship, a shaking of hands on common ground took place between them.

Adelaide, while not avoiding him, was dignified and shy, seeming to view him askance, as if doubting whether she ought to trust him, or as if trying to overcon an impulse toward hating him. Julian. on the contrary, felt a warm interest in this dark, sad faced girl at once, and be was not slow to show it. Against his kindly assaults reserve was a poor shield. Without seeming to be adroit or artful he reached her womanly nature at every unguarded point. He assumed the place of a big, amiable, interesting brother, who meant to draw his sister out of her

gloom. layed a week in Jacksonville-a ver long week of dreamy, drowsy weather, the flowers bursting out and the mocking

dusky fig orchard. Julian prevailed on Adelaide to walk with him in Forsyth park, and to drive urban resorts. He found her wiser in the ways of the world than Rosalie quicker to catch hidden meanings things-a strong, self poised woman, in fact. If she was not strictly beautiful she was attractive, and gave him to see that she possessed a reserve of culture little faltering on account of long disuse.

One morning they sat together on one Forsyth park, and by some chance Julian got upon the subject of his war experiences, and after the fashion of ex-soldiers told over many of his adventures. He had a fascinating way of presenting these personal reminiscences in the form of sparkling sketches. Adelaide recoiled a little now and then, but his coloring was so liberal to the south that she could not be affronted. She began to grow strangely used to him, if one may so express it; his face, his movements, his some way, her acquaintance with him.
As he went over again his boyish freaks n the army she saw him more as a boy soldier than as a man, and he had surjously familiar look.

A few northern tourists were abroad in the park, sauntering up and down the shaded walks and dallying around the flower decked fountain. Some mocking birds were singing ecstatically in the trectops overhead. Suddenly, without any definite fore

warning, by one of those inexplicable

cerebral tricks, Adelaide recognized Julian as that daring, devilish soldier lad who stabbed her with a bayonet and burned her father's mansion.

The knowledge came upon her as the apparition of death or some numbing calamity. The blood went out of her

face, and she grew weak, trembled, drew her breath heavily, and clutched the back of the bench for support. Julian instantly became aware of thi change. He was startled. "You are ill," be exclaimed:

it? I will call a carriage."
"No, no," she said faintly; "in a mo ment it will be over. It is a mere faint ness. Do not be alarmed." She struggled bravely and conquered

more than he dreamed of. Presently she smiled and added: "It has passed already; it was quite sudden. Let us return, if you please." "But you are not strong enough to "Oh, yes," she said, rising and stand-ing firmly before him; "I can walk as

well as ever. I am quite over it, I assure They returned to Roosevelt Place Julian lightly talking, and she answer ing in monosyllables.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT HERALD.]

Or do you tremble and feel that you are breaking; that your nervous system is giving away

Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.

#### A RINGING LETTER.

Cleveland and Stevenson and Tariff Reform.

It was recently stated in the papers that the Hon. Delano E. Williamson, of Stand upon the watch tower, unfurl Williamson is of Kentucky stock, having been borne in Florence, Boone county. this State. For more than thirty years the law firm of Williamson & Daggy was the most prominent in Central Indiana. A Woman Blames Woman With Wo-I cannot see how any good could ever Mr. Williamson was elected for two succome of permitting you to return, so cessive terms on the Republican ticket long as you feel as you say you do. You as Attorney General of his State, serving wouldn't enjoy being here, and that with Gov. Oliver P. Morton. He is between sixty-five and seventy years of age, of fine ability and with a large following in his section of Indiana. He is comfortable in finances, without further ambition in politics, and honest and brave in his convictions. His accession sentences, and yet he would not have to the Democratic ranks is worthy of particular note. All of which is iptroductory to the following correspondence which we find in the last issue of the Greeneastle (Ind.) Democrat. Mr. Williamson's is a ringing letter and he makes some notable clear-cut and strong points:

Brazil, Clay county, Ind., June 25, 892.—D. E. Williams, Greencastle, Ind .- My dear friend: I see by this morning's papers that you have averred your purpose to vote for Cleveland and stevenson. I congratulate you upon this return to your ancient love, from whom you have been so long alienated.

shackles. Your great influence will be felt throughout the borders of Indiana, and many others, by your heroic purpose, will be induced to return to the pose, will be induced to return to the fold of the old party, which I am proud tion in the opposite sex. to say is nearer sound and correct in its uestions than it has been for twenty-I extend to you the right hand warm

grip of party fellowship. May you faith to which you once held and which you have again embraced. Yours fra- what is the poor girl to do? Must she GEO, A. KNIGHT.

In 1861 the war, that great epoch in your own household. American history, led me into the folds belief that the Government could only laugh at us. acted with it until every question aris- sex." g out of the war was settled and sealed by the law of the land. No change was ever made in my mind as to old Democratic principles—they had grown too strong to be eradicated by subsequent events. Through one of those political mutations, that all parties are subject to, the Democratic party now forty years ago, doing more to keep stands as to government policy (the the working classes in bondage than slavery question eliminated) where it all other papers in the country. It is stood before the war, a tariff for rev- the brains of the Republican party, enue with incidental protection to our the arsenal from which all other Remanufacturing interests, not a tariff for publican papers get their most efficient protection to wealth and incidental rev- ammunition for campaign purposes. enue to the Government. The race Since the days of George D. Prentice question is now on the shoulders of the no paper has to such an extent vied Republican party. The President and with the old Louisville Journal in Republican politicians are squarely special pleading and sophistic reasonpledged to the "Force bill," whenever ing. Its editorial columns, since the they obtain the power to pass such nomination of Cleveland and Steven-

ment is what the Republican leaders aires of all the Eastern States. From want. The negroes of the South can be it the Democracy of the entire counleft to take care of themselves in all try and of every locality might draw a State elections, but in the election of a lesson of great profit. It is the editofederal power, executive, judicial and power and dignity to journalism. millitary, if necessary, must be invoked to keep the negro of the South on top of the white population. The negro has been freed, enfranchised, and has

the solid negro vote. This at once

is kept in power, the Government at Washington will become imperial in all its attributes and the States mere out-knowledge that there's one whom we lying provinces, and self-government a can't cure."

They believe in themselves. Isn't it

The present rulers of the Republican to catarrh? party all have military pretensions, and regard the mass of the party assubjects of command. The people have but little to say, other than ratify the acts of the office-holders and colored gentlemen of the South. For my part, I refuse to ratify. I had occasion last week to visit Muncie, Ind., and availed myself of the opportunity of visiting the
numerous manufacturing establishments in operation and numerous others going up; millions of dollars expended in the plants; no want of money, surplus capital of other manufacturing enterprises. As I work prese by sending their address to ey, surplus capital of other manufac-work free by sending their address to turing enterprises. As I returned B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing twoturing enterprises. As I returned home, I looked out at the farmer toiling in his fields, his farm but little inereased in value by 40 years hard work; the manufacturer a millionaire, with the markets of the world open to his output; the farmer limited to a home market for his products, and compelled to pay a royalty on all his purchase; the manufacturer a millionaire, with all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." 201

the luxuries of wealth: the farmer a slave to labor with a bare competency. The former the petted child of the Government, the latter the Atlas upon which all rests.

Are you surprised that I am on the side of the under man, and aid in the fight against plutocracy and imperial

Greencastle, Ind., had announced him- the banner of Democracy, cry aloud self for Cleveland and Stevenson. Mr. and spare not. I am truly your friend, D. E. WILLIAMSON.

TO RUIN DRIVEN.

man's Downfall.

A lady correspondent declares that the cause of many a girl's ruin is woman's inhumanity to woman. In a let-

"Often we read articles in the papers which tell us of some poor girl who has been led astray by loving some worthess young man, not wisely but too We hear our ministers preaching and pointing to the ball room. I say that the yast multitudes of fallen women do not go from the ball room, but from the ranks of servants.

'Yes, and every woman in the land is doing her part to send some one to everlasting destruction.

We have the poor hired girls in our employ who are treated as if they were not human beings. We do not allow them in our rooms as companions, but only as servants. Although they were brought up and educated in refinement, yet poor because they have been thrown on the world to make their living, you, I admire such independence of party who are their superiors only in money, will crush them down with your woman's terrorizing until the girls can stand your treatment no longer. They

"Yes, I say it is the cruel treatment principles on the financial and tariff received at the hands of woman that is trampling down hundreds of poor girls, to-day.

"Now, woman, look at this poor girl to-night. She subjects herself to your live to be a thousand years old, and drudgery, and because she does this you when you die may it be in the ancient will not allow her to eat with you or to associate with your family. Now, set back in the kitchen or will she seek Greencastle, Ind., June 27, 1892. companions somewhere else? Alas, Geo. A. Kinght, Brazil, Ind.—My yes. Soon she hears the laugh of some Dear Friend: I have your note of the gay company. She joins it there on 26th inst. I treasure its contents as the the train to rain. You have just given expression of a friend without guile. her a free ticket by starting her out of

"You will say we cannot eat and asof the Republican party. My action sociate with a hired woman. It is not was the result of honest conviction, a style for us to do so; people would

exist by great expenditure of blood and "The cause of woman's downfall is treasure. I stood by that party and the treatment she gets from her own

The Seat of Power

The New York Tribune is the ablest political journal in America, and is today, as it has been since it was founded by Horace Greely more than measure. I, for one, am not willing to son, have been full of the ablest sophaid them in their effort for that istry and the most canning misreprepower. If they succeed in this canvass, sentation the journalism of the counthat odious law will be fastened upon try has known in thirty years. It is worth to the Republican party more Power to control the Federal Govern- than all the barrels of all the million-President and Congressman the whole rial and not the murder news that gives

We'll write it down till everybody sees it Till everybody is sick of seeing it that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures equal political privileges with the white man.

I am tired of its palitical cry: "Lo! the poor negro." He can solve the race question himself by breaking up the solid negro vote. This at once

the solid negro vote. This at once would put him under the protection of both parties and at the same time break up the solid South, and we would have no more of the race question.

Then, again, if the Republican party the solid negro vote. The solid s

They believe in themselves. Isn't i worth a trial. Isn't any trial preferable

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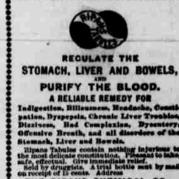


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